And if it like your maiesty, I know him very well.
King. Go call him hither.
Flew. I will and it shall please your maiesty.
Kin. Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the soldiers:
It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as Gun-powder:
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go-see there be no harme betweene them.

Enter Captaine Gower, Flewellen, and the Soldier.

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, in the name of Iesu
Come to his maiesty, there is more good towards you
Then you can dreame of.
Soul. Do you heare, you sir,
Do you know this gloue?
Flew. I know the gloue is a gloue.
Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.
He strikes him.
Flew. Gods plut, and his Captaine *Gower* stand away,
Ile giue treason his due presently.

Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.

King. How now? Whats the matter?
Flew. And it shall please your maiesty,
Heere is the notablest peece of treason come to light
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Heere is a rascall, beggerly rascall is strike the gloue,
Which your maiesty in person
Tooke out of the Helmet of *Alanson*:
And your maiesty will beare me witnesses,

And

And testimonies, and auouchments,
That this is the gloue.
Soul. And it please your maiesty,
That was my gloue.
He that I gaue it to in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman with my gloue in's hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my worde.
Flew. Your Maiesty heares,
Vnder your Maiestyes man-hoode,
What a beggerly lowsie knaue it is.
King. Let me see thy gloue.
Looke you, this is the fellow of it.
It was I indeede you promised to strike.
And thou hast giuen me most bitter words,
How canst thou make vs amends?
Flew. Let his necke answer it,
If there be any marshals law in the worell.
Soul. My Liege,
All offences come from the heart:
Neuer came any from mine
To offend your Maiesty.
You appeard to me but as a common man:
Witnesse the night, your garments,
Your lowlinesse; and whatsoeuer
You receiued vnder that habite,
I beseech your maiesty, impute it
To your owne fault, and not to mine.
For your selfe came not like your selfe:
Had you beene as you seemed then to mee,
I had made no offence, my gracious Lord,
Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.
Kin. Vnckle, fill the gloue with Crownes,
And giue it to the souldier.
Weare it fellow,